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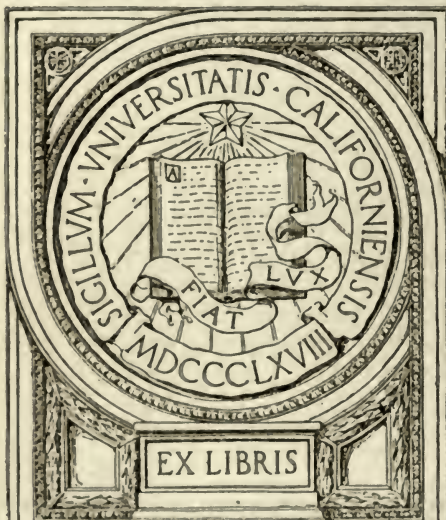
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GIFT OF

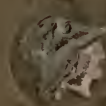


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CRISTA *and Other Poems*

By LILLIAN AMBER HUNT

NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO. 1907





Los Angeles, Calif.
April 5-1922.

To
The University of California.
With the compliments of
the author.
Lillian Amber Hunt.

April 1922

cerning the real writing game.

He is one who knows and does.

April 22—Mrs. Lillian Amber Hunt, teacher, poet and dramatic critic, will give another of her interesting addresses. Mrs. Hunt recently published a book of poems entitled "Arista," and is now teaching short-story writing at 506 Western Mutual Life Bui'ding under the Southwest School of Industrial Arts.



ARISTA
and Other Poems

BY
LILLIAN AMBER HUNT
"



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LILLIAN AMBER HUNT
Los Angeles, Cal.

70 1761
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To My Mother

469865



ARISTA



AR up in Heaven shone a golden star.
There, with flaming lamp in hand,
Arista stood, and, gazing down,
She saw the stars a band
That whirled along their shining path
For numbers as the sand.

Six lamps there were, besides the lamp
Arista's Lamp of Love.
Five lamps there were, all trimmed and bright,
Burning starry flames above,
By five young maidens, each as fair
And gentle as a dove.

The names of these five burning lamps
Were Truth (which all did prize),
While Devotion with Humility
And Power with Beauty vies.
The other lamp, the lamp unlit,
Was the Lamp of Sacrifice.

So long had she tended the Lamp of Love,
So long kept up its flame,
She had become a part of Love—
Of its heart of hearts she came,
And longed to give all of herself
To express Love's very name.

One cold, dark star that feebly shone
Seemed of so little worth,
Her six companion maidens spoke
Of it in jest and mirth.
But Arista, with her Lamp of Love,
Did care for this cold Earth.

And as she looked down to the Earth
Her heart within did burn
To help this cold, unlighted shell;
For this her heart did yearn,
That of its race could one be found,
One that of her could learn.

She saw a poet on the Earth
Whose songs were called sublime.
He had the poet's gift of song,
The faculty divine;
But the poet's vision was denied,
His message was but rhyme.

"He has from the vision turned aside,"
She said, her heart aflame,
"And needs at once the help of heaven
To show the way I came.
He thinks not of the song he sings,
He thinks of wealth and fame."

Said the Lord Watcher of the Skies:
"Were he the vision given,
No earthly goal of wealth or fame
Could blind that inner vision.
No power could make the poet true
E'er lose his dream of Heaven.

The Lamp of Wisdom is the source,
The light of inspiration,
To the soul that's kindled by that spark
Is the poet's vision given.
He has no need for help on Earth,
Nor would he look to Heaven."

"O grant me, Lord, the Lamp of Love,
O Watcher of the Skies,
That I may light the way on Earth
To him whose thoughts do rise."
But the Lord did gently shake his head—
"Not Love, but Sacrifice."

Said the Lord Watcher of the Skies,
Who does the Lamp of Wisdom tend,
"Know ye that he, the Lord of Life,
Has no beginning and no end.
And never does he break his laws
And never does he bend.

Remember that the Soul
Which goes back to Earth's grime,
Must put itself in earthly guise
And back to Heaven climb.
Be subject to Earth's fettering laws—
The laws of Space and Time."

* * * * *

Then the Lord Watcher of the Skies
Who does the Lamp of Wisdom tend,
Did day by day give her his help,
Did her of his wisdom send.
And thus inspired she writes her songs
The songs by Wisdom penned.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WIND

SPIRIT of the Wind, strong and free.
Spirit of the Wind, mad and free.

Spirit of the Wind, wild and free.
Spirit of the Wind, sad and free.

Spirit of the Wind, mild and free.
Spirit of the Wind, glad and free.

Give me of thy Spirit, Wind,
As round the world ye blow;
Give me of thy power to move
Forever to and fro, to and fro.
Let me break these bonds,
These chains that keep me tied;
Whose iron links are wrought
By Duty, Fear and Pride.
Give me of thy Spirit, Wind,
Give me of thy power.

Give me of thy Spirit, Wind;
Give me of thy strength and will;
These shackles let me break;
These shackles: Time and Place.
Let me o'er creation rove,
To the uttermost bounds of space.
Let me follow the comet's path,
Let me take a place with the stars;
Let me look back on Earth,
And know that I am free,
Forever free like thee,
Forever free like thee.

Take me with thee, O Spirit of the Wind.
Take me with thee on the tempest's back,
Take me with thee on the lightning's track,
Take me with thee where storm clouds rack,
And ruin is in thy wake.
The breath of the hurricane let me breathe,
Let the whirlwind by my spiral sheathe,
As I stir the sea to the depths beneath,
Where thundering waters break.

There with thy fearful strength and power,
In cold and fog and mist and shower,
I battle with crags and cliffs that tower
O'er the deeps the waters make.
There with the thundering, thundering waves,
There with the pounding, pounding waves,
There with the booming, booming waves,
There with the waves I'll be
Strong and free, like thee,
Strong and free, like thee.
Mad and free, like thee,
Mad and free, like thee.
There let me be, O Spirit of the Wind,
There let me be,
Strong and free like thee,
Strong and free,
Mad and free like thee,
Mad and free.

Take me with the, O Spirit of the Wind,
Take me with thee, and let me be
Wild and free, like thee,
Wild and free.
Take me to the wild mountain height,
Take me where foot of man has never been,
Take me where lie the unwarmed snows
That coldly touch on Heaven's rim.

There let me be wild and free,
Wild and free like thee.
Wild and free,
Wild and free.
There let me whirl and rage like thee,
There let me shriek and groan like thee,
Wild and free, like thee,
Wild and free.

And as I gather strength and rage,
Let me the furious battle wage,
That the earth has fought from age to age,
Till the mountains tremble in their place.
Until with scream and crash and roar
Down their granite sides I make a floor,
A path for the avalanche.
And as my fearful path I trace,
The path of the avalanche,
There let me scream and roar and crash,
There let me tear and rend and gash,
Over all let the lightnings flash,
As on that fearful path I dash,
The path of the avalanche.

And as I go with crash and roar,
And ice and snow and stones I pour
On the plain below as sand on the shore,
Wild will I scream,
Scream o'er and o'er,
In my rage I'll scream
As down I roar,
In the path of the avalanche.
Wild and free, like thee,
Wild and free,
Wild and free.

Then when my rage is filled,
Then I can rest,
In a lowland valley,
I can rest.
In a lowland valley,
I can rest.
There let me be, O Spirit of the Wind,
There let me be,
Sad and free like thee,
Sad and free,
Sad and free.

There let me be, O Spirit of the Wind,
Mild and free like thee.
Mild and free,
Mild and free.
Make me a zephyr, that I may play
With the wildflowers and honeybees there all day.
Make me to whisper low and sweet,
Make me to murmur in the brooklet's song,
Make me to croon in the mother's song,
Make me to sigh in the evening breeze,
Make me to whisper in the murmuring trees,
Make me to wander where darkness flees
From the first white shafts of dawn.
And there in the sunshine I will be
Light as the sunshine, light and free.
There with the birds all day I'll soar,
There will I whisper o'er and o'er,
The song I have learned of thee.
The song I have learned of thee.
Glad and free like thee,
Glad and free like thee.
Glad and free,
Glad and free.

THE FAIRY DANCE

TRIPPING lightly, tripping lightly,
Tripping o'er the green.
In the moonlight shining brightly,
Fairy forms are seen.

Now they hover o'er the flowers
Like bees without a sting;
Now they seek the cool leaf bowers,
Now they've taken wing.

Flying softly, flying softly,
Back they come again.
Breathe thou softly, oh, so softly,
Or they'll fly again.

Tripping lightly, tripping lightly,
Dance the fairies on the green.
In the moonlight shining brightly,
To mortal eyes unseen.

[Presented by the pupils of Maude B. Fischer at the
Ebell Club House, May 16, 1921.]

IN A GREEN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

IN a green old-fashioned garden
By a high hedge walled about
With trim, well-kept borders
And prim, straight walks
Love and I one day did meet.
And there Love did come to me
With swift-flying, sandaled feet
And took my hand and led me
To the fountain cool and sweet ;
And there he sat beside me
On the high-backed garden seat.
And as he bent to kiss me,
To claim me for his own,
Stern Duty came between us—
Placed her cold, white fingers on me
And there bade Love begone.

Long years I toiled for Duty,
Toiled hard for daily bread,
For a few old shabby garments,
And a roof above my head ;
And though I tried to love her
She was always cold and dread.
Though I tired hard to please her,
Wore her black tight-fitting gown,
When she no more could use me
She left me all alone,
Alone with no companion
But cold Ingratitude.

I came back to the garden,
To the fountain cool and sweet,
And again Love stood beside me
By the high-backed garden seat,
And as he bent to kiss me,
To claim me as his own,
Ambition whispered in my ear
And bade Love to be gone.

And then Ambition led me
To the heights where Fame did dwell.
There Fame did come to me
In her trailing satin gown
With a cloak of velvet, silk and fur,
On her head a diadem.
There Fame did say to me
As she laid her hand on mine,
“Look not on Love, but follow me.”
I followed Fame, as a will-of-the-wisp,
And left Love weeping there.

Years passed on and I had Fame
And a heart as cold as a stone.
I lived alone for the praise of men,
But my heart did live alone.
And as I looked at my diadem
And the trailing costly dress,
I thought this is all—all I have on earth—
My soul I have sold for this.

Then Fame did leave me to weep alone.
The fickle adoration given by the crowd
Went to the next who gave amusement
To their fickle, jaded sense.

I had served Ambition's schemes
And Fame and I did part.
And I was left alone, forlorn,
Without a friend on earth.

In the green old-fashioned garden
I walked with weary feet
And wandered toward the fountain
Where was the garden-seat.
Again Love did come to me
With his strong protecting arms
I laid my head on his shoulder
And sighed to be at rest.
When Wealth came to our trysting-place
And Love in his homely dress
Could only stammer as Wealth's cold eye
Did break Love's heart and he did fly.

Wealth told of all—
All he could do for me,
Of the gems and garments that he could buy
Of social prestige, position high,
Of a life all free from fear of want,
With a future assured of ease,
When I demurred and spoke of Love,
Wealth said, "Have you not thought
What it means to give to your children dear
The things that Wealth has brought?
Have you the right to keep from them
A future all warm and bright?
Would you think that Love can assure you these
When he knows not where he has the right
Even to earn his daily bread?"
Then with Wealth I went my way.

The costly furs protecting me
From sting of winter's cold;
My shimmering silken garments
Trailing over marble floors;
The dainty shoes upon my feet;
My filmy laces, rare;
The gems that sparkled on my hands,
Around my neck and in my hair,
All added to my beauty
And told to every eye
That Wealth had given to me
All—all that Wealth could buy.

But the jewels sparkling on my brow
Was my badge of servitude,
Beneath my silken garments
Was the gown of servitude.
The golden chains about my neck
Were chains of slavery.
And Wealth's palatial mansion
Was my house of slavery.
And the ring that Wealth placed on my hand
Was a sign of slavery.

Years passed on and Wealth had found
A younger, fairer face
Not marred by signs of bitter tears,
But still had youthful grace.
Wealth tired of me, as he had tired of those—
Of those who had gone before.
He tired of me as he tired of them
And turned me from his door.

All, all alone, without a soul
Who cared for or needed me,
I walked again in the garden cool
And sat on the garden-seat.
My shoes were old, my gown was torn,
And I laid my drooping head
Upon the back of the garden-seat
And thought that Love was dead.
The sun-dial showed late afternoon,
Then the sun did hide its head,
As I wept in anguish and bitterness
For Youth forever fled,
For Beauty, forever fled.

Again Love stood beside me
And held my drooping head;
Not once did he e'er chide me
But gave me love instead.
And there in that old garden
Love and I did live again,
Did work and watch and tend
The flowers within the garden,
And there by its sparkling fountain
We made our home again.

LONGING FOR LOVE

COME, ye winds of early morning,
Come, all ye winds that blow.
On your wings bear ye this warning
Wherever ye may go.
Look ye well for my true-love,
Look well on land and sea.
And when ye find my own true-love,
Then bring him back to me.

The bird that sings in yonder bower
Is singing to its mate.
The waning moon but marks the hour
Before it is too late.
But if ye find that love I've missed,
That I must ever loveless be,
Blow ye then wher'er ye list,
But come not back to me.

GATHERING FLOWERS

THREE little maids on a summer day
Were gathering flowers on the lea.
Said each little maid, "I will pick the flower,
The flower I should love to be."

One little maid with a wide, white brow,
And a look proud, calm and cool
Chose a tall white lily in the oak tree's shade,
By the side of a quiet pool.

Another with gentle downcast look,
And a modest clinging grace,
Chose the violet blue in a hidden spot,
As it grew in its sheltered place.

But the other maid, red of lip and cheek,
With eyes cold, large and bright,
Chose the flaunting poppy, whose petals red
Had fallen e'er the night.

[Presented by the pupils of Maude B. Fischer at the
Easter recital, March 21, 1921.]

SPIRIT OF LIGHT

GIVE me the gift of song,
Spirit of Light.
That I may right the wrong,
That saddens my sight.
Give me the power to sing,
As flight is given an angel's wing,
Spirit of Light.

Give me the gift of song,
Spirit of Light.
The sun is low, the day is long,
Dark is the night.
Heavenly voices then shall sing,
The song which I to earth shall bring,
Spirit of Light.

Give me the gift of song,
Spirit of Light.
Then may I sing to the toiling throng
Songs in their night.
And as they hear those voices sing,
They'll know that light the day will bring,
O Spirit of Light.





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